

CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. OPS.

J. H. Gillaspie was at Louisville last week.

New corn is now being talked at \$2.50 per barrel.

The condition of Ed Toy is greatly improved.

W. H. and M. W. Bridges attended the fair at Ewing.

Harrison Conn and family moved last week to Bourbon county.

Frank Turner sold an aged work horse to G. C. Sears for \$50.

Tipton & Foley have about completed the grade on new pike.

O. M. Jones and family visited James Crooks at Preston last week.

Mrs. Bettie Horne, of Lexington is very sick at the home of W. A. Kissick.

Miss Emma D. Hamilton is with Mrs. Miranda Warner at Berry, Ky.

W. E. Turner bought of John R. Triplett, of Sharnpsburg, a two-year-old horse for \$100.

The Modern Woolmen, of Judy, are contemplating giving a festival on the afternoon of September 10.

Mrs. Nannie Byrd will go to Louisville September 1 to accept a position in a millinery establishment.

T. N. Coons and Misses Nellie and Annabel Coons, of North Middleton, came Saturday to visit relatives.

O. M. Jones, L. D. Young and T. B. Hamilton were appointed delegates to represent Oak Hill Sunday School at the Sunday School Convention Thursday.

A Novel Introduction.

The Dr. Howard Company have entered into an arrangement with W. S. Lloyd's drug store, by which a special introductory offer will be made of 25 cents on the 50 cent size of their celebrated specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia.

So remarkably successful has Dr. Howard's specific been in curing constipation, dyspepsia and all forms of liver trouble, that W. S. Lloyd will return the price paid in every case where it does not give relief.

W. S. Lloyd has been able to secure only a limited supply, so every one who wishes to be cured of dyspepsia should call upon him at once and get 50 doses of the best medicine, on this special fair price introductory offer, with his personal guarantee to refund the money if the specific does not cure.

A Banquet to 12,000, Jackies.

At Sidney, Australia, on Sunday four thousand men of the American fleet were permitted ashore and 1,200, including 134 officers, attended high mass in the Cathedral, special music having been arranged in honor of the Americans. A banquet was given at night by the Catholics to 1,200 men and officers of the fleet.

Celery Plants

All Sold.

Large Red and Green Peppers

For Stuffing

Tomatoes

Ready Now.

Graser & Humphreys

Both 'Phones—88 and 611

Estimates Carefully Given.

HOODOO WAS ACTIVE

HAD NOT FOR A MOMENT LOST SIGHT OF SMITH.

Consequently Young Gentleman's Hopes of a Quiet Day in the House of His Aunt Were by No Means Realized.

Something untoward always happened when Smith's aunt commanded his presence. On the occasion of his last visit he recalled that the cook had appeared in the middle of the evening incontinent drunk and he had risen from the foot of the porch light down which they had together fondly rolled, ruffled and dazed. Then there was the trouble with the water tank when it had burst during dinner and sent a miniature Niagara roaring down the attic stairs. And Smith was by way of being a nervous man and such things got on his nerves.

So that when he opened the usual court invitation, really a royal command to spend the night week-end in the country with his rich aunt, he made a very face and began to worry. But he knew that he must go—there was no way out of it—the aunt was rich, and he was the heir apparent.

Sunday was a quiet day with some of the neighbors in to dinner. And even this usually festive occasion was lightened by the presence of a chap who had just returned from a trip to Korea and was willing to talk about it.

It was about two o'clock the next morning. Smith was dreaming of a perfect drive off the sixth tier when there came a knock at his door. His aunt was without and would hold conference with him.

He had congratulated himself when he went to bed that on this visit nothing unhappy was to happen. But he had stumbled into his perverse blanket robe he wondered what it might be and decided that the cook had returned to the bottle.

So that he was not prepared for the seriousness of the problem. "It's burglars," said his aunt, with conviction. "Don't you hear them?"

He listened and was bound to admit that there was a noise, a noise that sounded amazingly as if someone was walking stealthily about in the dining room. They could even hear something like the distinct click of silver, muffled, as if from the depths of a concealing bag.

Against his desire not to become convinced he made sure that there was actually men in the house. What to do?

Knowing well that she had no firearms, he asked bravely, "Have you got a gun, Aunt Lavina?" (Yes, that was her name). "Merely on us, no," said she. "But I've got a burglar alarm. It's one of these primitive things that when you ring it a man comes."

From which we deduce that Aunt Lavina was a bit incoherent from fright.

"It's on the wall there along the hall. You pull down the little crank and let go."

Smith crept along the hall, stalking the burglar alarm. He found it and pulled down the crank and "let go," not once, but many times. Then, with the consciousness of having risen to the occasion and done the right thing at the right moment, he chatted with his aunt in whispers. With an idea of delivering her mind from those persistent noises before he launched into an account teeming with detail of a riddling party of which he was once a member.

Then suddenly the doorbell rang. The suspense was over and sure there would be an extra \$10,000 in the will for that. He could go blithely to the door. But the burglars would not harm him now that they realized help was coming from outside.

With a sweep he threw the door open, expecting to see a squad of burly men standing on the step. He looked into black darkness.

But from the level of his knees he heard a voice say, "Say, mister, did you see ring for a messenger?" Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Bishop Potter's Pledge.

In the appreciation of Bishop Potter, contributed to the Boston Transcript by the Rev. Dr. Leighton Parks, rector of St. Bartholomew's church, this story is told: "It is known to few that while still a young man Dr. Potter was called upon to deal with a parishioner who had become intemperate in the course of the conversation the man remarked: 'But you also drink wine,' to which came the quick response, 'If you will promise never to touch intoxicants again so will I.' The double pledge was given, and never broken on either side, and this at a time when Dr. Potter was pointed at by the comic newspapers as a 'wise blubber.'"

Seasonable.

"And so this," said the prisoner, looking about him, "is the 'sweat-box.'"

"They told him his surprise was correct."

"If you gentlemen don't mind," he went on, "I would rather be transferred to the icebox." Philadelphia Ledger.

No Doubt of That.

"My comic opera will contain no merry villagers, no jolly tars, no barmaids."

"What are you going to use as a chorus?"

"I dunno. But I can't go wrong. Whatever I put in will be heartily welcomed." Pittsburgh Post.

FIND WOMAN'S WIT UNCERTAIN.

As When This Wife Failed to Appreciate Her Husband's Pleasantry.

"Don't always rely upon the ready wit of a woman," said the man who is sometimes pleased to consider himself an oracle. "That ready wit business is sometimes prone to get 'way off.' For example, my wife and children had been staying in the country for several weeks and I was regular with my letters, as every loving husband should be. Finally on the day before my wife was to start for home I concluded my letter to her with these words:—

"This will be the last letter I will write to you for a long, long time. 'When I got down to my office the next morning I found a telegram from my wife waiting for me. 'What on earth do you mean?' read the dispatch. Later a registered letter came from her. She had blurted almost every line with tears. What it was all about I could not imagine.

"Then my telephone bell rang, and when I answered I heard my wife's voice speaking over the long distance phone. 'Oh, John,' said she, 'is that really you? I thought you had committed suicide!'"

NEW ZEALAND'S WHITE ISLAND.

Always Enveloped in Clouds of Steam—Its Strange Lares.

White Island, in Australia, derives its name from the clouds of white steam in which it appears to be continually enveloped. Its area is only 600 acres, and its height about 850 feet above the sea level.

In form and color it is like a reposing camel, while its interior with its gray, weather-beaten, almost perpendicular cliffs, recalls the Coliseum at Rome. Overhanging the southern landing place stands a column of rock closely resembling a sentinel, which has been dedicated to the memory of Capt. Cook. The water of the island is of a pale green hue, and every drop dipped into it becomes of a red brick color. The fumes of sulphur are always plainly perceptible.

On a fine moonlight night a wonderful sight is afforded to any one who will sit in an open boat in one of the bays of the island. Covering an area of 50 acres is an immense caldron hissing and snorting and sending forth volumes of poisonous steam, while all chances of access appear to be denied by the steep, silent and gloomy cliffs.

His Little Family.

Families of French-Canadian farmers often run into large numbers, as is demonstrated by the following written order received by the proprietor of Quebec shoe store: "You have some shoe on my little families like this, and send by Sam Jamieson, the carrier: One man, Jean St. Jean (mel, 42 years; one child, Joseph, 12 years; 41 years; Henri and Leo, 18 years; Narcisse, 18 years; Celina, 17 years; Narcisse, Octavia and Phyllis, 16 years; Oliver, 14 years; Phillip, 13 years; Alexandre, 12 years; Rosina, 11 years; Bruno, 10 years; Pierre, 9 years; Eugene, we lose him; Edouard and St. Jean, 6 years; Adrien, 6 years; Camille, 5 years; Zoel, 4 years; Joseph, 3 years; Marie, 2 years; Louis, 1 year; 14 more." He got barefoot. How much?"

Guiltiest Debt Notice.

This notice appeared recently in a German paper: "Bowed with grief and recognizing the wisdom of God, who decreed it, the widow and four children of Herr J. Laufer, who is known to their relatives and friends the entry into eternal rest of a beloved husband and father. There will be no oration at his bier, because no one could describe his worth or make our sorrow less. Flowers from those who share our grief should be sent here. The custom was distasteful to him who has gone. If a desire to show such a mark of respect exists let it find expression in a gift of clothing, whose thanks we shall echo in the firm knowledge that the act would find favor with him whose life was good-nature."

Church Tower His Pulpit.

Sunday last being "Peanut Sunday," the vicar of Seilston, Rev. C. Harrison, hit upon the novel idea of preaching from the church tower. The greater part of the congregation seated themselves on the high walls.

The reverend gentleman took as his text "The Builders and the Tower," and, possessing a strong voice, his remarks were heard distinctly by the large crowd of colliers and others gathered together, the weather being all that could be desired.—London Evening Standard.

A Unique Cat.

Horace Elliott has a handsome shag cat, which he would not sell for love or money, and which is quite a curiosity. She was never known to catch a rat or mouse or anything else, and Mr. Elliott has recently found out what the trouble is. Years of course, have heard of cross-eyed cats. Well, this one is so much that way that when she attempts to catch anything she jumps in the opposite direction.—Rockland (Me.) Opinion.

Diffusing the Annoyance.

"You don't suppose we hear boards because we need the money?" exclaimed Farmer Courtisod, loftily.

"I had some such idea," answered the man who had ventured to do so.

"Not at all. We just get these people in from town to keep the mosquitoes from doing their attention to our home circle."—Exchange.

ASCRIBED VISIT TO PRAYER.

Father Evidently Had Faith in Daughter's Supplications.

Among my esteemed neighbors there is a family known for the piety of its members and their implicit confidence in the efficacy of prayer. One of the daughters, Miss Kate B., has almost reached the age when she could be referred to gallantly as an old maid. She is the target for many a good-natured quip pertaining to her alleged hopes and endeavors in the direction of matrimony.

Not long ago a certain society of young men which had interested itself in the campaign for higher saloon license sent a committee to visit the homes of the district and obtain signatures to a high-license petition. When this committee, numbering a half dozen members, ascended the steps at the home of the B. family, they were the first to see it through the front window.

"Laws, John!" she exclaimed to her husband. "See all those young men coming to visit us!"

Mr. B., glanced out of the window, noted the number of the invading force and remarked, with an air of conviction:

"Humph! Kate's been praying again."—San Francisco Call.

BEAUTY OF PHYSICAL HEALTH.

No Attractiveness for Women Without Good Digestion.

"To look young and keep your beauty you must have a good digestion," says a beauty cultist. "We feed our patrons upon herbs; we give them greens, and we advise them to take acid fruits. When a gypsy woman gets out of sorts she lives upon green apples; she mixes sweet herbs; she doctors herself with the fruits of the earth, and she recovers."

"Outdoor life is everything for the woman who wants to keep young. Her walk gives away the woman who does not, and people to know how old she is. Usually she loses her elasticity. And she takes to high heels and a stilted walk. Wear conventional clothes and be clumsy and staid; in that way you will look younger."

"I advise women generally to join a dancing class. By taking the steps on the street and in the park, in winter and summer, I have a class of four women who come three times a week to learn the gypsy fandango and the Spanish dances. They find that they breathe better, feel better and are more healthy generally from this exercise."

Penitent and Resourceful.

One of the prison missionaries of the Church Army tells a story of a man who came a long way from the society at a mission held at York, England. The man, a notorious pick-pocket, was so impressed by what he heard that he felt he must do something to show his determination to lead a new life. He considered the best way to do this was to put something into the collection, but unfortunately he had no money in his pocket. Then a bright idea struck him; he picked the pocket of the man who was speaking, and was able to contribute to the good work. It is said the man has been reclaimed definitely.

Reads Like a Fairy Tale.

An Atchison girl had always heard of the impoliteness of women in failing to thank men for giving up a seat in the street car and decided that she would be an exception. A man gave her a seat Saturday night in a crowded car, affording her the opportunity for which she has been waiting. "Oh, thank you a thousand times," she said. "It is just what I wanted, and how you ever guess it? It is so thoughtful of you, and I do appreciate it so much." Then, as she sank into the seat: "And such a comfortable seat! It is the most comfortable seat I ever sat in! Oh, thank you again so much!"—Atchison Globe.

Death-Bed Statistics.

When a person dies, no one is interested in learning who surrounded his deathbed, but the news is always sent out. People care no more to know than to hear if he were laid out in the parlor or bedroom, or if he were attired in a shroud or his regular clothes. But an Atchison inquirer has measured his bed, and finds that without unreasonably crowding it will accommodate 16. How, then, can 30 and 40 lie on it?—Atchison Globe.

Suspicious.

"I wish," said the hard-hearted landlord, "that you would watch the tenants in No. 2310. Be sure that they pay promptly in advance."

"Very well," replied the clerk. "Have you heard anything to make you suspicious of them?"

"No," but they haven't asked for any repairs for nearly six weeks now. It doesn't look right."

His Serious Interruptions.

"I told John that still isn't life easy," said the woman in the spring wagon.

"Yes," answered the woman who was carrying an armful of wood. "John has only two regrets in life. One is that he has to wake up to eat, and the other is that he has to quit eating!"

Classified.

"Who was that fool you bowed to?"

"Oh! I—er—I—humbly apologize."

"Never mind; I'm not angry. But what a keen observer you are!"

PROGRAMME.

MONTGOMERY COUNTY SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

Camargo Christian Church, Thursday, August 27, 1908.

- 9:30—Devotional Services.
- 9:45—Reading Minutes.
- 10:00—Echoes From the International Convention. Rev. C. F. Oney.
- 10:15—Open Parliament on Elementary, Intermediate and Advanced Grades; Visitation and Home Department Organization and Education, led by J. Shreve Durhan.
- 11:15—Address—What is That in Time Hand... Rev. T. B. Hill.
- 11:40—Appointment of Committees.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

- 12:00—Noon Intermission. Dinner at the Church.
- 1:15—Devotional Services.
- 1:30—Organized Adult Bible Class. Rev. J. L. Weber.
- 1:55—Secretary-Treasurer's Report.
- 2:00—The World-Wide Bible School Movements. J. S. Durhan.
- 2:25—Offering for Bible School Work.
- 2:40—The Joy of Loyal Loving Service. Rev. H. G. Mood.
- 3:05—Report of Committees.
- 3:20—Installation of New Officers.
- 3:35—I Am Resolved. Audience.
- 4:00—Benediction.

Removal Sale

Having outgrown our present quarters on North Broadway, we are obliged to seek a new location. To avoid the great expense and risk of taking down, loading, hauling and resetting in the new show room we propose erecting, we offer the largest assortment of Cemetery work ever assembled in Central Kentucky.

80 MONUMENTS, 125 HEADSTONES, 85 MARKERS At Most Attractive Prices.

Persons who may wish to purchase later in the year could order now and have their work reserved for future delivery.

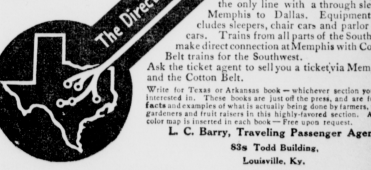
Wm. Adams & Son

142 North Broadway Lexington, Kentucky.

Low Rates to Texas

and the Southwest

On the first and third Tuesdays of each month exceptionally low-rate round-trip tickets will be sold via the Cotton Belt Route to points in Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma and New Mexico. Return limit 25 days and stop-overs allowed both going and returning.



BATH COUNTY ITEMS.

(Outlook.)

INSTANTLY KILLED.

Not By A Gun, But By An Auto-Man's Skull Crushed.

On Sunday J. W. Parrish, wife of Midway, were riding their automobile near the city limits of Georgetown. They were in a buggy. The driver of the machine pulled to one side to a buggy pass and slackened speed. Mr. Ford jumped from buggy and stepped in front of the auto, which passed over him badly crushing his skull, resulting in instant death.

For first class goods and reasonable prices, phone 85. 314 Thompson & Carrington.

Stand for better conditions.

DISTRICT COUNTY AND CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Congressmen
JNO. W. LAMLEY, Paducah.
State Senator
C. B. ECTON, Winchester.
Representative
J. W. CLAY, Mt. Sterling.
Circuit Court
J. W. CLAY, Mt. Sterling.
Commonwealth Attorney
ALEX. CONNER, Owensboro.
Master Commissioner
JNO. A. JUDY, Mt. Sterling.
Circuit Clerk
RICH. HUNT, Mt. Sterling.
Commissioner of Public Safety
P. B. TURNER, Mt. Sterling.
Recorder
J. W. CLAY, Mt. Sterling.
TERMS
2nd Monday in January
2nd Monday in April
1st Monday in September
COUNTY COURT
1st Monday in each month.
QUARTERLY COURT
Tuesday after 1st Monday.
FISCAL COURT
1st Tuesday in April and October.
COUNTY OFFICERS.
Judge
County Attorney
County Clerk
Deputy County Clerk
Sheriff
Deputy Sheriff
Jailer
Rape of Schools
Assessor
Barreness
Comptroller
JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.
1st District
2nd District
3rd District
4th District
5th District
6th District
CONSTABLES
1st District
2nd District
3rd District
4th District
5th District
6th District
CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.
Mayor
Police Judge
City Attorney
City Engineer
City Clerk
City Treasurer
City Assessor
City Surveyor
City Engineer
City Clerk
City Treasurer
City Assessor
City Surveyor
POLICEMEN.
J. M. Wilson
J. W. Brown
J. A. Turner.

FEARS NO ENEMY TO THE DIM PAST

SECRET SERVICE MAN LAUGHS AT PERIL.

Threats of Criminals Whom He Has Seen Instrumental in Putting Behind the Bars Have No Terrors for Him.

"That 'threatened men live long' is an adage as true as it is old," remarked an ex-convict of the United States secret service, who is still active in the detection of criminals.

"I don't know how many rogues I have arrested and sent to jail, neither can I recall how many of them have threatened to take my life as soon as they were free."

"Why don't they?" was asked. "Don't they hate you when they get out of jail then when they want to? Think of the months and years they have to treasure up their wrongs and plan their revenge."

"Yes, that's all very well," answered the detective, "but it's a very desperate man indeed who is not held in check for five minutes by the thought of the prison he is to enter. Were you ever in a prison and did you ever see the way that discipline is enforced? There is no 'Please do this' when the keepers speak to the prisoners. The commands they give are in the superlative imperative tense. If they were not, a few guards could not hold in check five minutes hundreds of convicts. The average criminal is no gentleman. He is as cowardly and as fierce as a tiger. Only four or five minutes he is in the prison and he is usually broken, and his inexpressible complaint is fear when he comes out into the world again. I don't mean that he won't fight when he can't get away, but as a rule, he doesn't hurt for long."

"But at night and in lonely streets don't you take the middle of the road? Isn't there the chance that some day one of your many enemies will kill you?"

"Perhaps," I remember once, years ago, I was scared, or, rather, startled, for a moment by one of those fellows. I had secured the evidence and arrested a man for counterfeiting. He was subsequently sent up for a term of years—I forget how many—but I remember that he cursed me in the courtroom while I was giving him the most dramatic and blood-curdling manner I could give him when he got out of the jail had passed out of my memory when a man came to me one day years later and told me that this counterfeiter had been released from jail and had been heard to repeat, in the presence of at least 50 persons, his threats to kill me on sight. I was cautioned to be wary, but I did not give him the chance to do it.

"Two or three months afterward I got off a street car late one night in Philadelphia. I had a heavy bag in each hand.

"And who should I see coming toward me, but the man himself. I recognized him first. My first thought was for the contents of the bags I was carrying—counterfeit plates that I had seized and was bringing from Washington to New York. I didn't want to get killed and lose those, naturally. It was two blocks to the station, and I couldn't very well run."

"It was only a few seconds until I met the man face to face. I was just automatically about to drop my heavy bag and pull my revolver when the counterfeiter saw and recognized me. He stopped short for an instant, and then he turned and ran as if the devil was after him. Like the coward that he was, why did he run after he had threatened over and over again to kill me? He told you, further, he knew that I would probably have shot him a fraction of a second before he could spring at me."

Making a Profit.
A party of amateur pigeon shooters some time ago arranged for a match, and ordered 30 pigeons from a dealer in a neighboring town, says the Penny Press. The shooting was not a really wonderful character, but a really perfect performance need not be described in detail. The net result will be gathered readily from the following note, which was subsequently received from the dealer. It ran:

"Gentlemen—I beg sincerely to thank you for your order, and to intimate that I shall be only too happy to supply you with any number of birds on future occasions of this sort. The whole of the birds, for which you paid me, returned in safety, and, moreover, brought with them a stray pigeon. My price to your party henceforth will be reduced."

Wall Street and Soda.
We were chiding with our friend, the "professional mixer of new soda drinks" for Wall Street when he took to the soft stuff when times are hard, when a portly gentleman with side whiskers and generous curls came in. "I wish you to mix me a Metropolitan tan life baryard," he puffed. It was swallowed in a jiffy, and out he sailed. "I have a better conception of the 'life baryard' I asked."

"The professor" grinned. "Plain soda, with egg and a straw, served in a tall glass," he said—"New York Globe."

It Sounds So.
"Do people have to sue to get into society in London?"
"For gracious sake, no! What put that into your head?"
"I heard that they have first to carry their case to court."

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM TOOK BACK THE BOSS.

Clark's Story of the Devious Paths These Must Follow Who Take Cupid for a Guide Evidently Awoke Recollections.

"Hem!" began the Boss. "I hardly expected a \$10 raise would affect me so soon. I knew you must have seen saving money when I saw you in the park the other night and noticed you had developed a passion for me instead of shooting the chutes and popping the flaps. But awhile back I thought you must have lost out, you looked so many cigarettes and looked so sorry for yourself."

The Young Man smiled. "That was part of the game," he explained.

"What game? Tell me all about it. I, boy, and don't omit a thing. And ere, take a cigar to keep your hands occupied. You've bitten off 14 fingers already. Now let it come. No, never mind my time. Proceed."

The Young Man accepted the cigar and proceeded.

"Well, sir—my mind has been made all along—it was her or nobody for me. I'm no art commission, but she sits me for beauty. And as for education—why, honestly, it's worth the getting tired and blue and rummy just to have her make you forget it."

"But I had strong competition. He was an out-of-town chap, but that only set him glamour. When a fellow takes a tiresome journey just to see a few hours with a girl she recedes it—and she doesn't get familiar enough with him to see his rakish points. And when that fellow takes the trip often the town fellow would better think I began thinking out concluding that the fellow I had seen at a trailer at first was now kicking dust back at me, and that such a cloud of romance hung around him that she couldn't see what a dufer he was. That I kept on thinking until I hit a scheme."

"I knew her father was mighty strongly on my side. I had an idea that he would be brought into family discussions. So I called on the old gentleman at his office."

"Father," I said, "something must be done."

"Right, my boy," he replied, "but what?"

"I told him my game. He got interested right soon and promised to help me."

"Next evening I called. Father received me cordly and addressed me as Mr. Smith. He said, 'Tom, Mother, too, was distant and looked worried. But the girl was definitely friendly, and we had a bully time until ten o'clock, when on the floor above we heard a boot bump, bump, bump."

"Can that mean for me to go?" I asked incredulously.

"O, surely not," she replied. "Two minutes later there was a heavy rap upstairs and father called over the banisters."

"My dear, it is very late."

"Why, father, it's only ten," she answered.

"It is very late, I say," replied father, emphatically.

"My offended dignity as I left was much soothed."

"Two evenings later I inveigled the other fellow into attending a 'missionary tea.' There he met the wild at bunch of Communists, and they were not only shocked him, but won \$20 from him."

"Well, to shorten this, father and mother knuckled me, and my rival was too foolish to join in. She was a loyal, spirited girl who did her own thinking and believed in me, so she stuck to me."

"At the proper time father forbade me the house. Then we got to meeting each other downtown and soon started flitting how two cents live cheaper than one. Yesterday, 'to put an end to opposition,' we calmly got married. And now everybody's happy—and I've reformed."

The Boss chewed his cigar.

"Sixty a month isn't much to marry on," he said at last, "but then he is a better opening soon. Go home now and don't show up here for a week. Don't thank me—you've wasted too much of my time already."

The Young Man left, but the Boss did not immediately get busy. He opened his watch and forgot to close it for some time.

SHAKE A REAL HYPNOTIST.

One Pennsylvania Farmer is Convinced of the Fact.

Erna Smith, a Rockland township, Venango county, farmer, is a convert to the general belief that a cat can "charm" a domestic animal. His home is between Floyd, Pa., and the Allegheny river. He is the owner of a watch dog that is a cross between a bulldog and a St. Bernard, and noted throughout that section for its courage.

Mr. Smith pastures his cows some distance from the farm house and the path lies through a tract of rough and uneven woodland. One recent morning, accompanied by his dog, he was driving his cattle to the pasture field, the dog a little in advance. He noted that the dog stopped suddenly and stiffened in every muscle and made as pretty a "point" as any bird dog ever accomplished. The action was so unusual that the owner also stopped and watched the dog. Then he called him by name, but the animal paid no attention to him, not even to wag his tail. Mr. Smith then called stoutly called in his hand and as he pushed on to see what called the dog. Ahead of the animal, called to stop, stood a large rattlesnake, with only a few inches intervening between the nose of the dog and the head of the snake. Mr. Smith is no amateur when it comes to dealing with snakes, and before the reptile could bury its fangs into the nose of his dog, he had given it a ray over the back with his cudgel, killing it instantly.

The dog showed every indication that its queer action had been due to the peculiar influence of the rattlesnake. Until the snake had been killed it made no move, but as soon as it was dead and lying on its back, the dog professed sweat and was so weak that it dropped into a heap in a state of complete collapse. The dead snake was five feet long and carried 13 rattles.

Mr. Smith is a man of veracity, and has had a wide experience with snakes, which are commonly numerous in that section of Venango county. He has no doubt that the peculiar action of his dog was due to the power exerted by the snake by the reptile and not, as some profess to believe, due to the benumbing effects of having been struck by the fangs—Old City Derrick.

Our Shirt Fronts.
Why do we wear our shirt bosoms exposed? may seem an unnecessary question, but the answer is found in a queer bit of history. Nowadays the white shirt bosom is worn by people of all classes and stations in life, but in the hundred years ago the white shirt bosom, with the starched ruffles, which took the place of collar and cuffs, was the outward and visible sign of wealth and gentility. It was very expensive, cotton had not come into general use, and the inner garments of most men were made of wool.

Linen, therefore, was the emblem of wealth; the man who could afford a linen shirt was generally so proud of it that the tailor gave him an opportunity of displaying it to the best advantage. All gentlemen's coats were adorned with the military collar, and at first were tightly buttoned from throat to waist, with high standing collars that came up to the neck. The men who fashioned the clothes of our great-grandfathers turned down the collars, rolled back the lapels and gave the old gentlemen a chance to show that they were linen instead of woolen shirts, and so, we however poor we may be, exhibit our shirt fronts because our ancestors gloried in their linen.

Who Cares?
The American people are afraid of nothing under the sun. Notwithstanding the horrors of the horrors of the land and sea, involving injuries to hundreds of thousands annually and death to tens of thousands, they are not ready to be so scared in life. Excepting a mere handful of nerve-wrecked invalids, who takes thought of what may happen when on business or pleasure here? Who stays away from the theaters because a few occasionally burn down, with great loss of life? Who demands a seat near an exit? Who quits riding in railroads because they kill 10,000 passengers a year and injure 50,000? Who looks for a "safe" seat? Who is afraid to travel 75 miles an hour?—New York Press.

Corporation for the Blind.
A business corporation has been successfully established in Vienna by men who are totally blind. The company manufactures brushes and has kept all its employees are blind in the eight months of its existence it has filled orders aggregating 23,000 kronen (\$4,600), making a fair profit, and has been successful in obtaining the justly the enlargement of its work shops. Sixteen of the employees are skilled workmen and the company has started fitting how two cents live cheaper than one. Yesterday, "to put an end to opposition," we calmly got married. And now everybody's happy—and I've reformed."

The Time for It.
Mrs. Knox—Have you ever wondered John why you snore so?
Mr. Knox—I don't know; you'll have to ask me.
Mrs. Knox—Ask you? What do you mean?
Mr. Knox—Ask me sometime when I'm snoring.—Philadelphia Press.

KENTUCKY FAIRS.

The following are the dates fixed for holding the Kentucky fairs for 1908, as far as reported:

Shelbyville, August 25—4 days.
London, August 25—5 days.
Elizabethtown, August 25—3 days.
Burlington, August 26—4 days.
Germantown, August 26—4 days.
Morgantown, August 27—3 days.
Paris, September 1—3 days.
Somerset, September 1—4 days.
Hardinsburg, September 1—3 days.
Fern Creek, September 2—4 days.
Monticello—Sept. 8—4 days.
Hodgenville, September 8—3 days.
Glasgow, September 9—4 days.
Cynthiana, September 9—4 days.

Exile Returns—Man Comes Home To Bury Baby.

Paducah, Ky., Aug. 18.—Buddy Nichols, an exile from Grand Rivers, Livingston county, with his sorrowing wife and a little white coffin passed through Paducah this morning on his way back to his old home to bury his infant.

He was whipped by men of Lyon county, whom he recognized, in Lyon county, but no indictments have ever been returned. They beat Nichols so hard and threatened him so terribly that when he saw there was no recourse in the courts, he sold out his possessions and left for Missouri. Nichols was not a tobacco planter. He was a sewing machine agent in Livingston and Lyon counties. He sold many machines on credit, and the only clew that would disclose a motive in whipping him, is the fact that Nichols recognized in his assailants a number of men whose notes he held for sewing machines.

Itching Skin Diseases
Are readily cured by Zemo. A liquid for external use. Zemo gives instant relief and permanently cures any form of Itching, Skin or Scalp disease. All Druggists. Write for sample. E. W. Rose Med. Co., St. Louis, Mo. FOR SALE BY W. S. LLOYD.

A Faithful Friend.
"I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy since it was first introduced to the public in 1872, and have never found one instance where a cure was not speedily effected by its use. I have been a commercial traveler for eighteen years, and never start out on a trip without this, my faithful friend," says H. S. Nichols, of Oakland, Ind. Ter. When a man has used a remedy for thirty-five years he knows its value and is competent to speak of it. For sale by R. H. White & Co. 4-t

Will Quit—Capt. Brown Decides To Give Up Racing.
Captain W. Harry Brown, of Pittsburg, proprietor of Senorita Stock Farm, near Lexington, announced his intention to quit the racing game and ordered the sale of his nine yearlings.

Feel languid, weak, run-down? Headache? Stomach "off"? Just a plain case of lazy liver. Burdock Blood Bitters tones liver and stomach, promotes digestion, purifies the blood. 4-t

FRANCHISE TAX
Fiscal Year Ending June 30th, 1908.

The following sums were received by the state for state tax only. From National Banks—\$140,840.34. State Banks—\$119,139.38. Railroads—\$155,408.45. Tax on Tangible Property of Railroads—\$318,350.07. Total Railroads—\$473,838.52. National Banks—\$140,840.34. State Banks—\$119,139.38. Grand Total—\$733,818.24.

First class line of groceries in connection with our meat market. Goods delivered promptly.
317 Thompson & Carrington.

What to do in Dyspepsia

Dieting has become a great fad in America, and just as, years ago, we, as a nation, over-ate, so now we are under-eating. The cure is as bad as the other. Man needs food and plenty of it to sustain life and to give strength to compete in this busy world.

It is not, however, the fact that you may eat too much that hurts you, but that you can't digest what you eat. And if that results in dyspepsia you will not only be unable to enjoy your food, but you will also be unable to create the proper amount of energy and vitality which you need to give you dyspepsia. To cure the disease you must create an abundance of these necessary juices.

This can only be done by a reliable tonic, laxative, and its name indicates Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin contains the very ingredients needed to do this. Take it regularly for awhile according to the explicit directions on each bottle and you will soon be cured of dyspepsia and all of its accompanying troubles such as flatulency, sour stomach, bloated stomach, indigestion, nervousness, and all the other troubles which attend the disease. It is a pleasant, effective laxative and you will like its taste and be pleased with its action. One of the great friends of this remedy is Dr. H. P. Kendall, a leading physician of the Chicago companies that fought at San Juan. He writes: "I have used Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin for many years and I can say that it is the best remedy I have ever used for dyspepsia. It is a pleasant, effective laxative and you will like its taste and be pleased with its action. One of the great friends of this remedy is Dr. H. P. 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The New York Tribune

while the great exponent of Republicanism, it always treats both sides with equal fairness. The Tri-Weekly Tribune is a pocket edition of the Daily Tribune. It appeals especially to people who

do not want to spend the money and time paying for and reading a metropolitan paper seven days in the week.

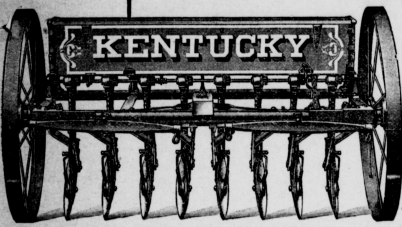
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Fine steaks a specialty. Veal, Lamb and Pork every week. 317 Thompson & Carrington.

Man looks at the outward appearance, God looks at the heart.

Ky. Disc Grain Drill



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NOW COAL
When prices are the lowest is the time to buy

We have it in all the best grades. Feed, Corn, Hay, etc. Our prices will be found exactly correct and you can save money by buying now.

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A good name is more to be desired than riches.

LARGE Transplanted Celery Plants \$1.00 Per Hundred.

Ready Now.
Graser & Humphreys
Both Phones.
Estimates Cheerfully Given.

The harder you lift for your fellows the less danger of their pulling you down.

WAITING FOR A FORTUNE.

Mr. Blinky Not Worried Over It, Not the Least Bit, But Ready for It.

Like many another man, Mr. Blinky is always hoping that something will turn up. He's an intelligent man and he knows perfectly well that there isn't one chance in seven hundred and eighty thousand that he'll ever get a dollar that he doesn't work for and earn; and still he's always hoping and thinking that something might happen.

And so when he gets to the office in the morning he looks in the letter box there, not really with the expectation of finding a fortune, but nevertheless thinking that there might be something; not disappointed if there isn't but wishing that he might find there a check for a million dollars, from somebody or somewhere, or notice of some fortune that had been left to him that he was now to come and claim.

It's just the same when he goes home at night. He's been away all day, time enough for 40 things to happen, for 40 fortunes to come in, and he knows there hasn't any come, and still it is not an absolutely impossible thing, and so he's always kind of hoping that he'll hear some good news when he goes home.

He never does, he finds everything going along there placidly; there hasn't been any fortune sent in or brought in by Uncle Sam, and he knows they'd speak of it if there had been; but sometimes he says to Mrs. Blinky, jokingly:

"Anybody leave us \$2,000,000 today?"

"No," says Mrs. Blinky, smilingly.

"One million?"

"No."

"Half a million, maybe," says Mr. Blinky.

"No, nor half a million," says Mrs. B—

"Perhaps it was a hundred thousand dollars. We could do with that."

"No, nor a hundred thousand."

"Not a dollar?" says Mr. Blinky.

"No, not even a dollar," says Mrs. Blinky.

"Well, then," says Mr. Blinky, "I guess I'll smoke my pipe," and he does this right cheerfully. But he's always hoping.

Twain Emancipated.

Oxford university is not the only seat of learning that has conferred an honorary degree on Mark Twain. A similar tribute was paid to the famous humorist and philosopher not so many years ago by a humble institution at a sleepy Missouri village that had known him when he was a playing Tom Sawyer there in real life.

It happened that the degree-conferring ceremonies took place one lazy day in June when newspapers generally were suffering from a total collapse of everything in the way of news.

One Park Post news editor, raked the land with a figurative fine-tooth comb and got a dry haul for his pains. Then, recalling that Mark Twain was getting his honorary degree that very day in his native hamlet it occurred to him that a message direct from the famous author might relieve the situation in the news. After much scratching of the editorial idea factory he evolved this query, which was transmitted to Mark Twain by wire:

"How does it feel to be a doctor of laws? Please wire answer at our expense."

After a wait of several hours this characteristic response came hot over the wire from Missouri:

"It feels like emancipation from ignorance and vice. MARK TWAIN."

Breaking On Gradually.

Stern Parent—See here, Eleanor, I thought I told you to give young Salpema his walking papers?

Pretty Daughter—And I did, papa.

Stern Parent—But he still comes to the house.

Pretty Daughter—Oh, he's only been here seven times this week, papa.

Stern Parent—Only seven times! Great guns! Why—

Pretty Daughter—Now don't be harsh, papa. He is trying to break off gradually.

Old-Time Flying Machine.

Thomas Walker, portrait painter, published at Hull, England, in 1819, "A Treatise Upon the Art of Flying by Mechanical Means." Walker constructed a flying machine based upon his studies of the flight of birds. It was a boat-shaped contrivance, with a long, projecting beam, also a long tail beam, and a pair of wings worked by levers controlled by the hands of the flier. This machine was ever actually tried on records of results are now traceable.

Few Are Buying Pearls.

The pearl trade of Bombay has depreciated in value in the last season. It is there that the pearls are finally collected by the jewel merchants. Most of them are sent to Paris, and many are purchased there by wealthy Americans, most of whom, however, have bought sparingly this year. Pearls in Paris are now selling at a third of the usual price, and jewelers have canceled their orders for further consignments from Bombay.

Parting of the Ways.

A few more ticks of the clock and they were due to part forever. "You have broken my heart," sobbed the summer girl. "And you," rejoined the young man who was scheduled to resume his position behind the ribbon counter on the morrow, "have broken my pocket book." And the clock ticked on.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE HANGED.

Man Who Has "Been There" Declares Sensation Is Delightful.

I will tell you how it feels to be hanged. At Fort Barrancas, Florida, on April 4, 1864, I was hanged as a deserter. I spent four minutes physically and spiritually between earth and heaven. Then a Yankee sergeant believing me to be the wrong man, cut me down.

My first sensation when the bar was kicked from under my feet was that a steam boiler inside me was about to explode. Every vein and blood vessel to and from my heart seemed charged with an oppressive fullness that must find an avenue of escape. The nervous system throughout its length was tingling with a painful, prickling sensation like the like of a thousand fine needles.

Then followed the sense of an explosion, as if a volcano had erupted. This seemed to give me relief, and the pain was at a pleasurable feeling, one very desirable could it be secured without death. With this sensation a light broke in upon my sight, a light of milky whiteness, yet, strange to say, so transparent that it was easier to pierce with the eye than the light of day. Then came into my mouth a taste of sweetness the like of which I have never since known. And I felt myself moving on, with a consciousness of leaving everything behind.

Then I heard the sweetest of music, and it seemed that more than a thousand harps led in each part, accompanied by myriads of voices.

And the sensation of coming back to life after I had been cut down, was just as painful as the first feeling of hanging. It was acute. Every nerve seemed to have a pain of its own. My nose and fingers were seats of the most excruciating agony. In half an hour the pain was all gone, but I would not go through the experience again for the wealth of the Indies.—Rev. J. T. Hand, in Spare Moments.

Disagreed with Oler.

Mr. Taft tells of an incident one night at a dinner in Murray Bay, Canada, at which there were present the guests Supreme Court Justice Harlan, who is upward of 80 years old, and Dr. Oler, the Baltimore scientist, who is about 60.

It was Dr. Oler's first visit to Murray Bay, and the scenery enchanted him. He was speaking of it with great enthusiasm to Mr. Taft and Justice Harlan. "What a blessing it would be if all men who have made their mark in the world," began Dr. Oler, "and who are growing old, just 50, say could retire and come to some quiet, beautiful place like this and end their days in peace and tranquility, free from care and trouble by the incessant pressure of work."

The justice had been listening to Dr. Oler with ill concealed impatience. He replied at last to the question, "No, sir," he roared, bringing his fist down on the table, "no, sir, it would not be a grand thing, either for the men themselves or for the world. Why, sir, the world would go to the devil—to the devil, if all the men over 50 were compelled to retire."

Long Flights of Birds.

Birds of passage make their longest flight somewhere near Berlin strait. A naturalist says that probably the longest continuous flight made by the feathered travelers in their peregrinations is accomplished by some of the shore and water birds that nest in the islands of the Red sea and spend the winter at Hawaii and Fanning island, 2,200 miles away. As some of the birds fly entirely on the shore and are probably unable to rest on the surface of the water, they must accomplish the whole distance in a single flight, yet they make their way to their destination with absolute precision. Among the lost birds of the world it is likely that the Cornish chough before many years will have to be numbered. The bird is becoming scarce. The rook and the jack-daw are ousting it from its habitat. Curiously enough, in Lhasa it has an almost perfect counterpart, so that after its extinction has been complete it will still be in evidence to all intents and purposes.

A Gambler's Father, but Calm.

This is a really true boy story. The boy is the beloved son of an attorney in the Seagriff building. When not engaged in getting out of the way of trouble this attorney puts in his time helping his son out of difficulties. The boy is 12 years old.

The attorney was called to the telephone this morning by his stenographer. A school professor, a friend of the family, was out at the other end of the wire. "Paging along the street," the professor said, "I caught William in a gambling game—dice, traps." I believe it is called. What shall I do about it?

"Well," the attorney exclaimed, "if I were you I'd bet on William. He'll win."—Kansas City Star.

He Had Proof.

"I tell you, my boy, it pays to be good. I have reason to know it."

"Did you ever get arrested for anything?"

"No; but a lady to whom I furnished an excuse for securing a divorce from me afterward inherited a fortune."

The Problem.

"Do you think it is as easy to make a man as it is to be?" asked the ambitious youth.

"Easier," answered Senator Sorubum. "The problem is to do it in such a way that your friends will continue to speak to you."

PROFESSIONAL.

H. R. PREWITT
ATTORNEY AT-LAW,
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LEWIS APPERSON
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Mt. Sterling, Kentucky.
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Phone 297 Next door to Express Office

Buy your coal and feed from Moore & Scott, Corner of Bank and Locust.
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Who Will Be President?

This is a presidential year, and every man must read to keep posted on politics. The

Courier-Journal
(HENRY WATSON, Editor)

Is a Democratic Newspaper, but it prints the news as it develops. One dollar a year is the price of the

Weekly Courier-Journal

But you can get that paper and the

Mt. Sterling Advocate
Both One Year for \$1.50.

If you will give or send your name to this paper—NOT to the Courier-Journal.

Daily Courier-Journal \$6 a Year.
Sunday Courier-Journal \$2 a Year.

Frankfort & Cincinnati R'y

"THE MIDLAND ROUTE."

LOCAL TIME TABLE
IN EFFECT JUNE 5th, 1908.

P. M.	A. M.	DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY	A. M.	P. M.
No.	No.	No.	No.	No.
2 58	6 18	Frankfort to Cincinnati	11 20	7 2
3 06	6 26	Frankfort to Cincinnati	11 28	7 10
3 14	6 34	Frankfort to Cincinnati	11 36	7 18
3 22	6 42	Frankfort to Cincinnati	11 44	7 26
3 30	6 50	Frankfort to Cincinnati	11 52	7 34
3 38	6 58	Frankfort to Cincinnati	12 00	7 42
3 46	7 06	Frankfort to Cincinnati	12 08	7 50
3 54	7 14	Frankfort to Cincinnati	12 16	7 58
4 02	7 22	Frankfort to Cincinnati	12 24	8 06
4 10	7 30	Frankfort to Cincinnati	12 32	8 14
4 18	7 38	Frankfort to Cincinnati	12 40	8 22
4 26	7 46	Frankfort to Cincinnati	12 48	8 30
4 34	7 54	Frankfort to Cincinnati	12 56	8 38
4 42	8 02	Frankfort to Cincinnati	1 04	8 46
4 50	8 10	Frankfort to Cincinnati	1 12	8 54

Connects at Georgetown Union Depot with
Q. & C.
Connects at Paris Union Depot with Kentu
Central.
Connects at Frankfort Union Depot with
L. & N.
GEO. B. HARPER, C. W. HAY,
Pres. and Gen'l Supt. G. P. A.

Lexington & Eastern R'y

TIME TABLE.

Effective August 1st, 1908.

STATIONS.	No. 1	No. 4
	Day	Night
Lexington	7:15 A. M.	7:15 P. M.
Morehead	7:25	7:25
Waynesboro	7:35	7:35
Waynesboro	7:45	7:45
L. & E. Junction	7:55	7:55
Indian Field	8:05	8:05
Clay City	8:15	8:15
St. Albans	8:25	8:25
Roanoke	8:35	8:35
Clay City	8:45	8:45
Indian Field	8:55	8:55
L. & E. Junction	9:05	9:05
Waynesboro	9:15	9:15
Waynesboro	9:25	9:25
Morehead	9:35	9:35
Lexington	9:45	9:45

West-Bound.

STATIONS.	No. 1	No. 4
	Day	Night
Lexington	7:15 A. M.	7:15 P. M.
Morehead	7:25	7:25
Waynesboro	7:35	7:35
Waynesboro	7:45	7:45
L. & E. Junction	7:55	7:55
Indian Field	8:05	8:05
Clay City	8:15	8:15
St. Albans	8:25	8:25
Roanoke	8:35	8:35
Clay City	8:45	8:45
Indian Field	8:55	8:55
L. & E. Junction	9:05	9:05
Waynesboro	9:15	9:15
Waynesboro	9:25	9:25
Morehead	9:35	9:35
Lexington	9:45	9:45

THE FOLLOWING CONNECTIONS ARE MADE DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

L. & E. Junction—Nos. 1 and 2 will connect with the O. & O. for Mt. Sterling, Ky.
Campbellsville—Nos. 2, 3 and 4 will connect with the Mountain Central Railway for Campbellsville, Ky.
Bentleyville—Nos. 1 and 2 will connect with the L. & A. Railway for Bentleyville, Ky.
O. & A. Junction—Nos. 1 and 2 will connect with the O. & A. Railway for Union City, Ky., and way stations.

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West Liberty, Ky.

REV. MCGARVEY

President of Bible College, Injured by Buggy.

As the result of a painful accident on Friday afternoon, Rev. J. W. McGarvey, president of the Bible College, is confined to his home. While crossing the street he was struck by a buggy driven by a young man. The vehicle brushed his side and one of the wheels passed over his foot, painfully bruising and spraining it. It will be several days before his injured foot will enable him to be out.

Beech Hargis.

The trial of Beech Hargis at Jackson for murdering his father has been called at Jackson. The lawyers employed to defend him are J. C. Bach, D. B. Redwine, Thos. Cope, Sam Kash, W. A. Young and W. O. Bradley. If they fail to merit or get a light sentence they will not fail to lighten the bank account of the young man and his mother. In the prosecution the commonwealth attorney, Kelly Kash, is assisted by A. F. Byrd, who has figured very conspicuously in the various murder trials against Beech's father, Judge James Hargis.

A dispatch on Monday says: Beech Hargis filed an affidavit this afternoon objecting to the trial of his case by Judge Adams. The affidavit charges the Judge with being an enemy of the Hargis family and says that he prosecuted his father with great bitterness and ability many times while Commonwealth's Attorney. It contains the following remarkable statement:

"Beech Hargis says that at the time he killed his father, Judge Adams was the Commonwealth's Attorney and announced that he had camped on the elder Hargis' trail and now proposed to camp on the defendant's trail and put him where he belongs." The affidavit was prepared by Senator-elect Bradley.

\$500 Reward for Murderer of Showman.

Gov. Willson on Wednesday offered a reward of \$500 for the conviction of murderer of Driesbach, the man killed at Lexington on the closing night of the fair. The man's partner, young Harold Lambie, from the south, disappeared from Lexington and is the suspect.

A Fayette county curator of Driesbach's estate was appointed.

Irreligions.

At Lexington on Sunday "Dr." Geo. Morris, pastor of a Lexington church, preached on "King Solomon" described "a worthless vagabond, drunken and idle, an incorrigible vagrant who was (long ago) sold on the steps of the court house, etc."

The preacher said: "I have not chosen this subject to be sensational. I am merely sensational in my choice of subjects for that sole end," etc. Oh! me!

Osteopathy.

Dr. H. D. Stubbfield, for seven years an osteopath at Winchester, has opened an office in the T. H. Eastin residence on East Main St. and will be pleased to see persons desiring his services at the following dates:

Monday, 9:30 to 2 o'clock.

Wednesday, 9:30 to 2 o'clock.

Friday, 9:30 to 2 o'clock.

Examination and consultation at office free. 6-4f

Seriously Stabbed.

Lock Tolson, of Campton, while in a difficulty with Taylor Wireman, former Marshal of Campton, was seriously cut. Wireman surrendered to County Judge Center and gave bond. He married a daughter of T. F. Stamper, former Sheriff of Wolfe county.

Buy your Tin Cans at The Fair, 35c per dozen.

WHEN MEN WORE SHAWLS.

Only Article Appropriated by Them from the Woman's Wardrobe.

On very rare occasions you now see some old lady wearing a shawl, but generally speaking the once universal garment has become obsolete. An Indian or a Persian shawl used to be considered one of the finest feminine possessions in the world, and they were handed down from mother to daughter as prized heirlooms. But now if you gave a young woman even a very elegant shawl, costing possibly hundreds of dollars, as many did, she would turn up her beautiful nose at it, and if she used it at all would make a portiere out of it for her cozy corner. She would never think of wearing it, even if it were the only thing she had.

The trouble is that shawls are out of style, and it is easier to drive a camel through the eye of a needle than to get a woman to wear anything that is out of fashion. When women wanted to look like shawls, they wore shawls, and when they wanted to look like shawls, they wore shawls. This was the case when the shawl was in vogue, and it was considered just the thing for them to have an air about them that is too old-fashioned.

Those children that are say 40 years old or more can probably remember when even men wore shawls instead of overcoats. For about ten years they were considered just the thing. This was the decade beginning with about 1860. President Lincoln was very partial to his big Scotch shawl, which, according to the vogue, he wore, not folded diagonally in fashion, but folded lengthwise. This folded shawl was passed over the shoulders and around the front; where it was either held by the hands or pinned by a huge shawl pin. This case of the shawl is about the only one where the men have appropriate, an article of wear from the women's wardrobe—though the instances where the reverse has happened are legion.

Even then, the shawl was originally not a woman's garment exclusively, for the Scotch Highlander has his taran plaid, and the men of northern Italy still wear a cloak which is very little more than a shawl. The Pathfinder.

Why He Called.

"You advertised that you had found a pocketbook, I believe?" he asked the man who had come to the door in answer to his ring, according to Judge's Library.

"I did."

"You say it contained a sum of money?"

"Yes."

"A very large sum of money, in fact?"

"Yes."

"And that the owner could have same by naming the sum found and describing the pocketbook?"

"Yes. Go on."

"That is all I wished to ask."

"But you will have to give a description of the purse you lost before you can put in a claim."

"I lost no purse."

"You didn't?"

"No, sir."

"Then why have you called?"

"I merely wish to see what a man looks like who will find a very large sum of money and then advertise the fact in the papers instead of hiding it down cellar. Good day, sir."

Too Many Big Names.

He was the new elevator boy and the brokers and bankers in the big skyscraper were not familiar with him.

"Charles," called the first broker that entered the car, "the seventh."

The new elevator boy stopped at the seventh floor.

"Louis," said another, "the fifth."

The car slowed up at the fifth floor.

"Albert," persisted another, "the second."

The boy looked suspicious. Suddenly a tall clerk touched him on the arm and chirped:

"Joseph, the first."

This was too much. The new lad looked around in disgust. "Say, are you fellows trying to say me?" he growled. "Or do you think this car is a bunch of Roman history? Huh! Joseph, the first, eh? First thing you will be calling 'Richard, the third,' and I'll go daft and holier: 'My kingdom for a horse.' Cut it out!"

Acquiring Philosophy.

A housekeeper who had rather a small stock of patience went into her kitchen one day to direct the preparation for dinner. She found George, her Japanese cook, poring over a book. "What are you reading?" she asked. "A philosophy," George replied. "Do you think you can understand such philosophy?" the mistress inquired. "Yes, honorable madam, I understand it. I apply it. When you come to tell me how to cook, it is good to remember what the white man says about women. I read here, then I don't mind what you say."—Bellman.

Two Opinions.

"So you stopped calling upon Miss Pert," said Gaudy. "She has rather a pretty face, but I consider her nose too long, don't you?" "Huh!" snorted the rejected one. "I found her 'nose' entirely too short—and emphatic."

Necessity.

"I see you always wear a smiling countenance."

"Yes," answered the candidate a little wearily. "I have to. There is no telling what moment a snapshot photographer may turn up."

PROUD OF ONE OPERATION.

Great Surgeon's Description of His Record Achievement.

Dr. George F. Shardy once was asked what he considered the greatest achievement of his long professional career. The great surgeon thought for a moment, and then said, with a twinkle in his eye: "It is an operation that I'll warrant you never heard of. In fact, I don't know the name of the patient and I never got any fee for it. It was summer, saved a boy's life and drove away, all in a very few minutes."

"One summer, years ago, I was out driving in the country up the river. I was going by a farmhouse when a man rushed out waving his arms at me. 'Drive for a doctor, quick,' he yelled. 'My boy's choking to death.' I pulled up my team, shouted to the man to hold the horse and dashed into the house. A boy about ten years old lay on a couch in the dining room. His face was purple and I did not have to look twice to see that he was choking to death. His mother was kneeling beside him, crying. There was not time for questions or anything else, but the quickest kind of quick work I saw in the world. I performed the operation of tracheotomy without a moment's delay. I had no instruments with me. I felt in my pocket for my penknife, opened it, made the necessary incision in the boy's windpipe and fixed him up temporarily until I could send a note to a nearest doctor to complete the job."

"I heard afterward that the boy got well, and that my penknife operation was as complete a success as if it had been performed in a hospital with all the appliances. I have often looked back on that operation with pride and pleasure, because I worked so swiftly, surely and well without a second's preparation—automatically, in fact. That is why I feel like calling it my 'star' achievement."

Mrs. Joyce's Happy Thought.

"They had met in the home-going train, and the talk had drifted to their neighbors."

"Yes," Mr. Billings said, reluctantly, in reply to his friend's remark that Mrs. Joyce was "an awfully sweet little woman."

"So cheerful! Always sunny! Always looking on the bright side!" Billings' friend continued enthusiastically.

"There's such a thing as overdoing the 'bright side' business, though," said Billings.

"The other night I was up there, and Joyce—you know how absent-minded he is!—put the lighted end of his cigar in his mouth. He snuffed three feet, and was a little noisy for a minute. Right in the midst of it all Mrs. Joyce smiled blandly, and said:

"How fortunate you are, dear, to discover it at once!"

X-Ray Dermatitis.

Mr. Hal Edwards, who has recently granted a civil list in recognition of his services in the development of medical radiography, underwent a further operation at his residence, Bristol road, Birmingham, recently, in February last, the left arm, which had been violently attacked by what is known as X-ray dermatitis, was amputated below the elbow. This did not give the relief hoped for, however, the wound failing to heal, and the patient suffering almost as much pain as before. The operation was also unsuccessful in arresting the progress of the disease, which developed slowly in the right hand. The last operation involved the removal of the fingers of the right hand. It was performed by Mr. G. H. Ring, assisted by Mr. Macquade and Mr. Vickers. On inquiry it was stated that the patient had recovered from the effects of the anesthetic, and was in as hopeful a condition as could be expected. Mr. Hal Edwards has lately been engaged on a work dealing with dermatitis which, it is understood, he has practically completed.—London Times.

Soldier of Fortune Dead.

A remarkable soldier has just died at Budapest in the person of Gen. Stephen Tur, one of the bravest revolutionary generals that ever lived. He commenced his military career as a lieutenant in the Austrian army. Then he fought for the Hungarian revolutionary government, helped to quell a German revolution, and joined Garibaldi in his great struggle. On the outbreak of the Crimean war he served as a volunteer. In 1870 he joined the army against Russia, and finally received a commission in the British transport service. It was while buying supplies for the British army at Bucharest in 1855 that the general was seized by the Austrians as a deserter and sentenced to death. But both the British and French governments made such emphatic protests against this sentence that it was commuted to life imprisonment. Finally the old soldier settled down in Paris.

Offended Art.

I want a photograph representing me just as I am. None of this 'touching up' business, understand."

"You are in the wrong shop," replied the artistic photographer. "Better try the police station. It's a Bertillon style of picture you're after."

Not a Native.

LAWSON—I thought you said your friend was from Vermont?

DAWSON—So he is. What of it?

LAWSON—Why, I've been listening to him now for an hour, and he hasn't said "B'gosh" but twice.

Sufficient Reason.

"Are you going to the commencement?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I want to go to a commencement once."

DECLARED WORSE THAN CANCER.

Of the Two, Pangs of Toothache Are Less Easy to Bear.

"You of the younger generation," said the dentist, severely, "don't appreciate the importance of the conquest of toothache that dentistry has made. Toothache is the worst torture that ever afflicted mankind. Its pains—'lancinating' they are technically called—are worse than the pains of cancer. Worse than cancer, that is the truth. I have heard it from physicians, I have heard it from three old people whose cancer finally killed. They all said that the pangs of cancer at its worst was mild beside the pain of the worst toothache."

Toothache drove DeQuincy to opium-eating. DeQuincy, too, says in his "Optim Envy"—like all dentists, I have the passage by heart:

"The structure and the severity of toothache's intensity and scorching fierceness can be imagined on this fact—that, within my private knowledge, two persons who had suffered all under toothache and cancer, have pronounced the former to be, on the scale of torture, by many degrees the worse. In both, there are at times lancinating pangs—keen, glancing, arrowy radiations of anguish; and upon these the latter form of comparison is made. A man who has suffered from toothache with the result that I have stated."

ANTS AS WEATHER PROPHETS.

Their Method of Giving Warning of an Approaching Storm.

Ants as weather prophets afford new testimony to the cleverness of these small insects.

When you go out on a spring morning and find the ants busily engaged in clearing out their nests and dragging the sand and bits of earth to the surface you may be sure that no matter how cloudy it is already will be no rain that day and the probabilities are for several days of good weather.

If, however, you see the ants about the middle of a spring or summer afternoon hurrying back to the nest in an easterly wind, and the weather is looking up, and the clouds are beginning to go home as soon as they can get there, you may figure on a rain that afternoon or night.

When the last of the wanderers is found the picket hurries in and the nest is securely sealed from the outside to keep out the water. It is seldom that ants are taken by surprise by the approach of a shower.

Show Men Like Apes.

Prehistoric paintings recently unearthed show man to have been like an ape. The only known examples of paintings of man by prehistoric artists are those discovered lately by Prof. Rene Launel in the Portel grotto, a cave of Lousens, in Arles, France, where he has recently found grotto paintings of man and horses. About 40 sketches in black or red, only one in blue colors, adorn the cave walls. Some of the figures represent men of a primitive type, while the others show horses, bears and horses.

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One by Barnacle Ben.

"Yes, mate, I married Ben, retired seaman." I certainly did, see some wonderful things when I was cruising around the seven seas. Why, once we had a sailing vessel follow the Nancy Jones for 1,000 miles. We used to throw off the leavings from the galley and when we'd hit a big calm, why, the sailing vessel would show up on a broomstick in the clouds. All we had to do was to toss the long sticks overboard and he'd come in a jiffy. Then we'd take a long rake and rake them aboard. Nature fixed 'em! Never heard of it, mate, never heard of it!

And Barnacle Ben lit his pipe and shuffled away.

His Deep Concern.

The kind old lady noticed a small lad entering a cobbler's with a small package.

"What have you there, sonny?" she asked, kindly.

"Me slippers," replied the lad; "you see, there is a tack out of place in it and I want to have it fixed before home."

"Ah, what a considerate little boy! I suppose you are afraid the tack might hurt your mother's foot?"

"Yes, ma'am, I do. I want to see the tack is sticking out on the sole and this is the slippers ma spans me with."

Arabs Outlive Eskimo.

While it may be true that the white man loses in intellectual and bodily vigor that the coast people of South America are longer lived than the mountain people; that old age is much commoner in the southern countries of Europe than in the northern, and that Spain (with a population smaller by 9,000,000) has 401 centenarians to England's 146.

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CYCLONE.

Fences, Trees Etc., Tossed About.

On Friday a wind, rain and hail storm of unusual force and severity swept through this county in a narrow belt, entering from Clark, passing through our county at the farm of Nick Hadden on to Camargo and towards Howard's Mill. Many trees were blown down or twisted off, fences leveled, fruit blown off, crops damaged by wind and hail in slugs. The chimney of the Camargo Christian Church was blown off, plastering broken and exterior scarred by hail. Peter Cockrell was riding in his buggy. His horse and buggy were blown over and Mr. Cockrell's face bruised. The hail was so thick and atmosphere so dark that people were in places scarcely able to see the width of the pike. We have heard of no serious injuries.

PLAYING WITH MATCHES.

Prof. Gunn's Youngest Daughter Burned To Death.

A dispatch was received at Lexington Saturday announcing the death of the youngest daughter, Bonnie Roberts, of Prof. and Mrs. H. M. Gunn, recently removed from our city to Tacoma, Wash. The particulars were not given, but the fact was made known that the child was playing with matches. Her clothing ignited and the child burned to death. The many friends of the family will be grieved to hear of this great sorrow which has befallen the family in their new home and the circumstances connected with it.

Two Quart Covered Bucket, 5c. Granite Pie Pans 5c. The Fair.

W. A. Beatty, advertising manager for the Gazette and Lexington Herald, will move to Winchester about the first of September. Mr. Beatty has formed a partnership with Col. R. R. Perry, of the Winchester Sun-Sentinel, and has bought an interest in that plant. It is proposed to form a stock company there and publish an afternoon daily which will be independent in politics.

Bowling Alley For Sale.

See Gregory at Trimble building. Good reasons for selling.

For Sale.

Large barn bill and other lumber. Apply to

61f Mrs. E. D. Marshall.

Kicked.

Several days ago near Camargo a horse kicked in the face the little son of J. G. Greer. He was not seriously hurt.

Pony wanted for sale at this office.

The tie vote of Georgetown local option election will be considered Friday.

Money to Loan

on improved real estate.

51-f H. Clay McKee.

Tis difficult to remove a stain from a man's reputation.

For harness, bridles, lines, halters, whips, pads, first-class repair work, etc., to V. A. Reis, West Locust, near Bank street. 5-4f

C. W. HECK'S

MANUFACTURING PLACE ON EAST HIGH STREET.

Repairing is done at this establishment on a short time as good workmanship will permit and the prices charged will please any reasonable person.

Rubber tires provided and put on neatly, quickly and securely. He also builds the famous Settle Bros' Break Cart.

C. W. HECK,

Successors to McGilgill & Mann

LAND, STOCK AND

Crop conditions are favorable in Central Kentucky. No fat cattle have been this county for about a month. Some early sales have been made at prices much higher than could now be realized.

Col. Milton Young, a horse owner and breeder of blooded horses in Fayette county, sold 781 acres, including 19 acres McGranham tract, \$115,000. Mr. Young has nearly 1300 acres of fine

Judge Mathew M. Red

leave Kentucky.

Judge Mathew M. Red

Sandy Hook, Elliott co.

Thursday returned from

the States, Rev. J. L. W.

Redwine has made decidu

his fortunes with the Dyo

of the new State. He has

pleased with the country.

an option on five sections

"They are all Bryan par

out there," said Judge Rob

"and none of them has the

idea that he will be it.

this fall. I found it the

all through the Western at

As I passed through Kan

very clever gentleman,

train. He said that he

Republican all his life, b

intended to vote for B

time, and that he knew M

Kansas Republicans who

the same thing. He belie

Kansas is certain to go

Judge Redwine will r

Oklahoma.—Louisville T

Series of Entertainment

ber to March.

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ch Books AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES AT erson's Drug Store. No. 10 Court St.

PERSONAL.

The Misses Lloyd are visiting in Louisville.

Rev. J. L. Weber was in Nicholasville Sunday.

No. July spent Sunday at Harrodsburg with his wife.

Mrs. J. G. Games on Saturday returned from a visit to Missouri.

Robt. J. J. Jr., and Henry J. J. on Saturday went to Toronto.

Dr. Shirley, wife and daughters returned to Toronto Thursday during a visit to the city.

Edgar Baum, who has spent his vacation here, today returns to York.

D. Day, of Cairo, Ill., came here to visit the family of his brother, B. B. May.

Miss Anna Berry, of Nashville, Tenn., arrived on Monday to visit her mother, Mrs. Green.

Mrs. J. G. Cook, of this county, went west to Ludlow to see daughter, who is sick.

Rev. H. Hart, of Columbia, arrived here on Saturday and returned home on Friday.

Sam Genault left yesterday to see his uncle, Dr. Morse, at Toronto. He took a bird dog.

Frank Trimble, who visited his mother, J. G. Trimble, left Saturday for Illinois enroute to Memphis.

N. Birch left yesterday for Louisville, Ind., prospecting for a new home. He will rent for one year then buy.

Rev. J. H. Sneed and wife, of this city, now of Gulfport, Miss., last week visited Messrs. Williams and Stoner.

Dr. Siegler, a reporter of the Cincinnati Post, spent from Sunday till Thursday last week with his family.

Miss Bonnie Elbertson, who was engaged to Mrs. Frank J. Craig two weeks, returned to her home on Thursday.

B. Prewitt on Thursday returned to Detroit, Michigan, to attend a conference of State Insurance agents. He will return to Lexington on Friday.

Mrs. Amelia Young is with relatives at Elizaville.

Mrs. Ed. Bush and son on Tuesday returned to their home at Kansas City.

Mrs. James Ross and daughter, Julia, of Lexington, visited relatives here last week.

Mrs. S. R. Adamson leaves today for Ripley, Ohio, to join her husband. They will be in Ripley until October.

Mrs. Sallie Reppert spent last week with relatives in the country and left on Saturday for her home at Silvertown, O.

Miss Mary Wood on Wednesday came from Toronto to see her aunt, Mrs. Peters, but expects to return on Saturday.

Miss Jennie Jones and Wm. Lover, of Findlay, O., sister and nephew of E. E. Jones, have been here for some days.

Mrs. Strother Mitchell, of Kansas, who has been with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Weaver, of North Middletown, during the sickness of the father, was here on Sunday.

Rev. M. G. Buckner and family went to Harrodsburg on Saturday and will return on Thursday. The men of the Christian Church there gave a banquet in his honor Tuesday evening. They leave for home on Saturday.

Rev. Nooe, pastor of Crescent Hill Christian Church, Louisville and wife (nee Miss Mitchell) and child; Miss Susan Mitchell, of Midway; Mr. and Mrs. Smith Hansford, of Harrodsburg, have been with Messrs. Stoner and Berry for a week.

Mrs. Frank Warren and daughter, Amelia, who have been visiting relatives in this city and Lexington for a month, will leave this morning for their home at Parkersburg, W. Va. They were joined at Lexington last week by Mrs. Warren's son, Hoylan, who will accompany them home.

Theodore P. Shonts, president of the New York City Street Railway Co., spent Sunday and Monday with Mr. Reid Rogers. He was recently prominently connected with the building of the Panama Canal, and was instrumental in securing for Mr. Rogers the position he now holds as General Counsel for the canal company at a salary of \$25,000 per year. Mr. Rogers accompanied him to Chicago.

McCourt.—John McCourt, an aged citizen of Winchester, died on Saturday morning at the home of his son.

Prentiss.—James E., aged 34, son of John Prentiss, of this city, died at Wheeling, W. Va., on August 17.

Kohlbas.—Mrs. Henry Kohlbas, aged about 75 years, died at Winchester on Sunday. Rev. J. L. Weber officiated at the funeral on Tuesday. Harry Campbell, Sr., attended.

O'BANON.—On Wednesday, August 19, 1908, Miss Eula, aged about 21 years, daughter of Dr. Andrew O'Banon, died at her home at Elizaville. She was the niece of Mrs. Amelia Young, of our city. Mrs. Young attended the funeral service.

Hixon.—W. D. Hixon, aged 87, died in this city and the burial service was conducted by Rev. H. D. Clark on Wednesday, August 19, in Macphelah. For about 60 years he was a member of the Christian Church. He formerly lived at Maysville. His son, James, survives him.

Dimmitt.—Nick Dimmitt, aged about 80 years, a well-known and respected citizen of Bath, died at his home on Saturday, August 22nd, 1908. The burial was at Crown Hill Cemetery, Sharpsburg, on Monday. He leaves a wife and two children—Mrs. Van Thompson, of this county, and Mrs. Harry Berry, of Bath.

MARRIAGES.

Mr. and Mrs. James Pickrell, of Winchester, announce the engagement of their daughter, Patsie, to James French, of that city. The marriage will take place in October.

BLANKENSHIP-SPONCILL.

On today, Aug. 26, 1908, Mr. Clarence Blankenship and Miss Eunice Sponcill, both of Hope, in this county, will be united in marriage in this city. The groom is 22 years old, the son of Barney Blankenship. The bride is 18, the daughter of Chris Sponcill.

MITCHELL-YOUNG.

On Tuesday, August 15, at Lexington Mr. Lawrence Mitchell and Miss Bessie Young, both of North Middletown, were united in marriage by Rev. Mark Collis. The groom is in the mercantile business. The bride is the attractive daughter of J. Will Young and a niece of N. B. and Bruce Young, of this county.

BIRD-MARTIN-CROW, ETC.

The Cynthia Democrat tells of a much married woman. The bride was Miss Elizabeth Bird, of Harrison county. Groom No. 1 was Bud Martin; No. 2, Edward Crow; No. 3, William Robin; No. 4, David Buzzard. The birding were one Martin, two Crows, one Robin and one Buzzard up to time of going to press. The Democrat could have told of another young bride who was not easily discouraged in matrimonial ventures. We for obvious reasons withhold names. We did not meet the bride on either occasion. She married a young (?) man. He was a member of a large family; they were seven brothers. The first husband died. In due time she married brothers No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5, No. 6 and No. 7, and last of all she died. Further particulars given if desired.

PRENTISS-SWANGO.

On Tuesday, August 25, 1908, at 3 o'clock, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Swango, near town, their daughter, Miss Nora Olive, aged 20, was united in marriage to Rev. Geo. D. Prentiss, aged 27, pastor of the M. E. Church, South, Owingsville, Ky. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. L. Weber. The wedding march was by Mrs. W. S. Anderson. About 75 relatives and friends were present. The wedding presents of handpainted china, cut glass, silver, fancy work, etc., were beautiful. Those attending from out of the county were the groom's mother and brother, Mrs. Elizabeth and Luther Prentiss, of Frankfort; Mrs. A. F. Byrd and daughter, Miss Bessie; and Mrs. W. S. Anderson, of Winchester; Mrs. J. L. Quicksall and daughter, Alleyne, of Waco, Tex. The bride is a very attractive and bright young woman, having attended the Millersburg Female and Kentucky Wesleyan College for four years. The groom is a graduate of Kentucky Wesleyan. They left on 4:19 train for Frankfort, attended by the best wishes of many friends.

DEATHS.

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RELIGIOUS

Rev. Mat Hart, of Missouri, preached at Somerset Sunday.

The Union service on Sunday evening will be held at the Christian Church.

Rev. Coleman Groves, of Orlando, Fla., preached at the Presbyterian Church on Sunday morning.

During the recent meeting by Rev. Buckner at Bethel there were seven additions, and all were men.

Rev. H. D. Clark was the only resident Protestant preacher in the city on Sunday. Rev. Weber was at Nicholasville; Rev. Hill has been at Raleigh, N. C., for some days; Rev. Moody was in a meeting at Gilead Presbyterian church in the county.

Rev. E. E. Dawson began a meeting at Doyleville Ky., Tuesday. Closed a twelve day meeting at Wisemantown Saturday, 15 confessions. And one at Ford lasting ten days beginning July 27th with 25 conversions, 20 restored, 9 sanctified and four young men called to preach.

Rev. C. F. Oney on next Sunday at Grassly Lick finishes his third year on this circuit. The service will be designated as an Old Folks' Meeting. We suggested the singing of "Old Time Religion Its Good Enough For Me." There's no telling what will happen at conference. So far as we are concerned his return would be highly acceptable.

The Montgomery County Sunday School Association will hold its annual convention at Camargo, Thursday, to-morrow. Every Sunday School in the county is urged to be well represented.

A good strong program has been arranged and everything points to a great meeting of Sunday School people. Christian men and women cannot afford to be indifferent concerning the work of the Sunday Schools in this county. This "field here at home" is ripe already unto the harvest; who will be the reapers? Do not fail to be at Camargo for the opening song at 9:30 a. m. and stay till the benediction is pronounced at 4 p. m. The two churches (Methodist and Christian) will serve dinner to all who attend. Come with a prayer in your heart, a song on your lips, and a benediction for the work.

Wm. H. Cobb, County President.

SOCIAL EVENTS.

Mrs. Roger Barnes has issued invitations for a reception at her Maysville street home on tomorrow (Thursday) afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Brennan (formerly Miss Fannie May Hamilton), of Paris, have issued invitations:

At Home
September First
Seven to Ten.

Miss May Combs, of Lexington, gave a pretty dinner in honor of her guest, Miss Nettie Horton, of Mt. Sterling. It was a charming little party, the table being prettily decorated with lovely blossoms and the evening immensely enjoyed.

As we go to press on Tuesday evening many of Central Kentucky's social set are assembled at Olympian Springs to attend a fancy dress cotillion given by the wife of Jno. C. Mayo, the wealthy land owner of Paintsville, Ky. We hear that Saxton's full orchestra, of Lexington, will furnish the music.

The Fancy Dress Cotillion given by Mr. and Mrs. Reid Rogers in honor of their daughter, Elizabeth, at their summer home on West Main street, was one of the swellest social functions ever given in Mt. Sterling. About 150 young people from this and adjoining towns enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Rogers. Saxton's orchestra, of Lexington, furnished the music, and dancing was indulged in until the wee sma's hours. The German was led by Mr. Rogers and daughter. Delightful refreshments were served.

The house guests were the Misses Grumbrecht, of New York, and Miss Caperton, of Richmond, Ky. Miss Rogers, Lady of the French Court; Miss Marguerite Grumbrecht, Pierrot—French clown; Miss Caperton, Tyrollean peasant; Miss Florence Grumbrecht, old fashioned girl; Miss Mary Ray Trimble, old fashioned girl; Miss Julia Morris, Theodasie Burr; Miss Ethel Thomas, of Winchester, French milkmaid; Miss Woodall, of Covington, Spanish dancer; Miss Catharine Nelson, of Winchester, Queen of Hearts; Miss King, Japanese girl; Miss Anna Speck Thompson, old fashioned girl; Miss Washburn, of Louisville, Spring; Miss Robin

Hamilton, old fashioned girl; Miss Simrall, old fashioned girl; Miss Plynna Judy, old fashioned girl; Miss Anna Johnson, Night; Miss Louise Hoffman, Summer; Miss Arrabella Bogie, old fashioned girl; Miss Margaret Bogie, old fashioned girl; Miss Alice Apperson, old fashioned girl; Miss Evans, Pochontas; Miss Prewitt, Evangeline; Mrs. Snyder, tamborine girl; Mrs. H. G. Hoffman, old fashioned girl; Miss Patty Johnson, old fashioned girl; Miss Nell Tipton, Dresden Shepherdess; Miss Virginia Tipton, old fashioned girl; Miss Garnette Robinson, pink rose; Miss Emily Nesbitt, old fashioned girl. The costumes of the gentlemen were somewhat similar, such as old fashioned gentlemen, Romeros, Rough Riders, clowns, Uncle Sams, etc.

Carriage Horse For Sale
Seven years old, sound and gentle.
716 B. F. Chenault.

THE SICK

Wm. Wyatt and son are both doing well.

Mrs. Malinda Mitchell has been sick for several days.

Waller Crooks, Deputy Sheriff, has been sick with fever since Sunday of last week.

Miss Nell Wyatt, daughter of B. F. Wyatt, who has been sick for four weeks, is improving.

BIRTHS.

On August 12, to the wife of N. A. Wilkerson, of this city, a daughter.

To Roy L. Morris and wife, on August 13, a daughter—Martha Thompson.

Scrap Baskets 10c. Door Mats 50c. Floor Oil Cloth 25c per yd. The Fair.

Pickles

At Half Price.

Put up your pickles to suit your own taste. We have several thousand hills of cucumbers in our garden and will have more than we need for our own use. Leave your order NOW. Can give you any size you desire. Deliver as they ripen.

Our Price Now is

\$1.00 Per Bushel

With every bushel of Cucumbers you buy of us we will sell you PURE VINEGAR, guaranteed to keep your Pickles, at

15c Per Gallon.

(not over 5 gallons at this price.)

If you do not understand how to put up your Pickles, (feither sweet or sour) we will gladly give you all necessary information. Let us have your orders now as we will deliver in rotation—First come, first served. STONE JARS at actual cost to those buying pickles.

Remember, we still sell

17 lbs. Best Granulated Sugar For \$1.00.

Spot Cash Grocery Co.

Wanted

For Crops High Colored and Ripe

BLUE GRASS SEED

WILL PAY PREMIUM OVER CURRENT PRICE FOR EXTRA NICE SEED.

H. F. TABB.

BOTH 'PHONES NO. 12.

